

THE
ART OF WAR.

A POEM.

[Price HALF A CROWN.]

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A R T O F W A R

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[Faint, illegible text]

THE
ART OF WAR.

A POEM.

By JOSEPH FAWCET.

Lady. Out, damned spot, out, I say.....
..... Here's the smell
of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little
hand. Oh, oh, oh.

Doſt. What a sigh is there? the heart is sorely charged.

MACBETH.

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A P O E M

THE
ART OF WAR.

LIFE, thou strange thing ! That hast a power to feel
Thou art, and to perceive that others are !
Shyest of secrets ! that for ever shun'st
Our fond research, curtain'd in thickest shade !
Thou moving mystery ! that canst or move
Or stop at pleasure ! Curious mechanism !
Whose spring is spirit, and whose action, will !
Warm conscious wax, on which all passing things,
Series of seals, successive impressions make
Of pleasure or of pain ! imperial mark,
By which the frame almighty fingers form'd,
Is known from moving systems made by man !
Eminent work ! which all the sons of skill,
From every clime conven'd, could ne'er, with all
Their hand's collected cunning, emulate !

Invention all divine ! In the dull worm
 More brilliant workmanship, than all the domes
 Proud swelling, and with pomp of pillars dress'd,
 And all the witty engines, human Craft
 Hath e'er constructed !—If I find thy throb,
 Thou salient wonder ! in the meanest thing,
 Victim of Custom's crush,—ere I put forth
 My power to tread thee out, my soul is seiz'd
 With a restrictive awe, that bids me hold—
 And asks me, ere I end, what I with ease
 Can end, but not with all my power renew,
 If what is urg'd as reason for the act,
 Will justify th' infliction of my foot.

Driv'n by what demon is the hand, that dares
 To quench thy flame, where the all quick'ning breath
 Hath up to reason blown it ? where thy beats
 Can high as virtue heave and kindle heav'n ?
 That dares arrest the rolling of that eye,
 O'er all surrounding things that curious roves ;
 That loves the sky, uplifts its look sublime,
 The stars peruses, and can clearly read,
 In nature's various volume round it spread,
 In radiant letters writ, the NAME DIVINE ?

When the first man found his first murder'd son,
 Stretch'd bruise'd and breathless on the gory ground,

At

At whose unnatural end, to nature new,
 Blood's eldest cry to heav'n, pale Fancy paints
 Eclipse and earthquake, groanings under ground,
 Sore fighting winds, and general signs of woe
 Thro' nature's works;—stunn'd with astonishment,
 With horror stiff as he on whom he bent
 His eye's wild glare; in doubt, or if he dream'd
 A dreadful thing, or if a waking woe.
 O'erwhelm'd his soul, I see the statue stand!
 Struck by the dead with temporary death,
 Each vital motion makes a fearful pause!
 Each hair stands up, and every pulse stands still!
 By mimic pencil, or by magic pen,
 Inimitable marble of amaze!
 There, froze with fatal terror, he had stood!
 For ever fix'd, by the cold horror held
 For ever fast, nor more releas'd to life.
 By th' unrelenting ice—had he then known,
 That most inhuman and most monstrous deed,—
 Of stormiest passion born, with wildness done,
 And first-seen, swift-seiz'd weapon, when no eye
 Witness'd its horror,—was ordain'd to be
 The settled practice of his progeny!
 By his mad children methodiz'd to art!
 Nam'd Noble Science! in the number rank'd.
 Of fair-reputed callings, thick that throng

The

The door of active life, and court the choice
 Of doubtful youth ! among the paths that lead
 To Fame's high fane, among the Muse's themes
 Plac'd eminent in front ! no deed of night
 That seeks disguise ; ambitious of the day !
 Provok'd and spurr'd by the inspiring thought,
 " *All eyes shall see me !*" Gracefully perform'd,
 With beauteous instruments from whose bright face
 The beams of day rebound gay blazing back ;
 With no infuriate look, no quaking nerve,
 But with sedate unruffled feature done !
 Nor stinted to one solitary act !
 By multitude on multitude committed !

Like some distemper'd dream, that only shows
 Strange monstrous shapes, and all things represents
 Turn'd upside down, in wild confusion tost,
 War, thy wild picture to mine eye appears !
 Am I awake ? or is this world, so long
 That to my mind substantial stuff hath seem'd,
 Unreal apparition ? painted air ?
 Mad Fancy's work, while troubled slumber binds
 My feverish frame in anxious rest reclin'd ?
 And shall I soon to sober certainty
 Of other and of fairer scene arise,
 (Soon as th' oppression from my brain hath past)

And,

And, recollecting these fantastic forms
 That long have mock'd me, to my fellows tell,
 How strange a vision visited my sleep ?

See yon pavilion'd Council fitting round
 Serene and solemn ! mind illumining mind !
 Reason's confederated rays thrown out
 In intellectual alliance firm !
 Say wherefore meets the ring of rationals,
 With light collective luminous ?——to frame
 Some fair and beauteous plan of public good
 With legislative wisdom ?——or to seek,
 With philosophic amity of soul,
 Where Science, coy recluse, conceal'd resides ?
 No, not for this the sapient circle sits !
 Yon tent is the dire cabinet of Death !
 Infatiate sovereign ! with the scythe of Time
 Unsatisfied, that craves th' assistant sword !
 Those are his ministers ! in ruin wise ;
 Sages of slaughter ; devastation's seers ;
 Doctors of desolation !——Yonder, lo !
 At work mechanic Wit ! by whom weak man
 His might extends and finds in knowledge pow'r !
 The lucid labour fee !——Is it to aid
 Benignant manufacture ? to uplift,
 Commerce, aloft in air thy weighty wealth ?

Life's fair conveniences to swell, and more
 Accommodate accommodated man?—
 Dire, dire reverse! fall'n Ingenuity,
 Deprav'd, degenerate from her native sphere,
 On tragic engines her lost genius spends;
 And, cruelly acute, pursues alone
 Discoveries of death!—distracted Art,
 Whose lovely office 'tis to emulate
 Nature in bounties and in smiles alone,
 With her severities perversely vies!
 Storms she invents! inclemencies contrives!
 And teaches Weakness to be terrible.
 Tremendous mimic of the tempest, man
 Copies th' artillery of angry Jove,
 Around him artful clouds and darkness rolls,
 To lighten learns, to forge and fling his bolts,
 While thousands at a stroke his thunders rive,
 And blasted towns before his flashes fall!
 Or, bowel'd in the earth, he latent breeds
 The crafty earthquake, subterranean rage
 Ingenious gend'ring! In the hollow hell—
 His hands have scoop'd with dark infernal fraud,
 Disposing death,—the imitative pest,
 Industrious scholar of malignant things,
 Studious essays, and terribly attains,
 To shake the strong foundations of the ground,

Strew

Strew it with wide-spread wreck, and emulate
 The final ruin!—View yon vehicles,
 Whose wondrous road is through the world of waves;
 That give to eager man the morning's wings;
 Whose cordage complicate and canvas-craft
 Compel the air to push 'em on their way,
 And make the winds their spur! Mansions immense!
 Whose swelling walls a multitude inclose,
 Yet light and volant gliding, as the fowl
 That sail the firmament! Of human skill
 The prodigy and pride! Fram'd to convey
 Social mankind remote mankind to meet,
 To know, to love, t' enlighten and to help!
 To bear from shore to shore, in fair supply,
 Of earth and mind the produce! fruits and truths
 In beauteous amity commute, and make
 The world but one!—Behold! distracting scene!
 The floating houses of the sea, arrang'd
 In adverse rows, advance! the moving streets
 Each other meet! ah! with no friendly front!
 Freight'd with thunder, they are come to hold
 Commerce of deaths! to show the astonish'd seas
 Such tempest as the winds ne'er blew! to teach
 The tame commotion of the elements
 How ships to shatter! to out-roar, out-spit
 All air-brew'd storms, and in derision mock

B

Their

Their modest madness, meek, insipid scene
 Of sober tumult !—See all Nature's gifts,
 Given but for good, made instruments of ill !
 From the dug earth educ'd, behold that ore,
 Of highest worth, in richest plenty giv'n,
 His bounty such who stock'd the ball He built,
 Of friendly edge susceptible, form'd to serve,
 With smooth incision, useful Art's fair ends,—
 See its fine point employ'd, ah ! not to fetch
 Forth from the furrow'd earth the golden bread ;
 Call copious Plenty o'er her vales to laugh ;
 Or prune with œconomic cut away
 Her wasteful growth ;—but, amputation foul !
 Lop human life, and with an impious edge
 With purple dropping, plough the flesh of man !
 Behold the heav'n-born element, bestow'd
 The genial friend of generous health to glow,
 The social hearth to animate, supply
 Our absent suns, and gaily gild the house
 Of harmless pleasure !—see it turn'd against
 Life's lovely flame ! th' excited spirit see,
 Collision call'd, springs sparkling from his cell,
 To dart the nitrous wrath, the red-hot death,
 To youth's light heart, and stop the bounding life !
 To bid the broken bone long time be rack'd
 In the dread house of Pain ! with bursting rage

Upward

Upward an heap of shatter'd bodies shoot,
 From earth exploded to the sky ! fair piles
 That slowly rose, uprear'd by patient toil,
 With furious haste lay low ! or with harsh heat,
 Unlike his fire's, the gently piercing sun,
 Sear the fair fruitage his bland beams had nurs'd,
 And his mild fervours mellow'd into food !
 With fierce unfilial force (how much misus'd !
 Child of life's cherisher !) his waving work
 Impious undo, consume the yellow year,
 And beauteous Ceres to a cinder change !
 No bound th' abuse obeys !—hark ! the sweet voice,
 The voice of music floats along the air !
 Music ! ætherial magic ! heavenly breath !
 Thou good and pleasant amity of sounds,
 In sweet association kindly met,
 For gentlest ends in silver union join'd !
 The giddy dance of festive Joy to guide ;
 Languid Dejection's hanging head uplift ;
 Bid from the brow of Care the cloud begone ;
 Sooth the sweet woe of melancholy Love ;
 Hush Envy's hiss ; unknit the frown of Rage
 With all subduing sweetness ; softly sad,
 Draw the kind drops down melting Pity's cheek,
 With charming chillness seiz'd ; or, higher rais'd,
 To kindle with a concord more sublime

Virtue's strong raptures to a rage divine !
 But where will profanation stay ?—E'en thee,
 O heavenly Harmony ! their press hath seiz'd
 With impious gripe ! Reluctant, struggling maid,
 Sprung from the silent sphere ! with wild affright,
 Thou find'st thee fallen on a frantic orb.
 Outrageous wrest ! perversion most perverse !
 Misapplication monstrous ! Horror, say,
 When bristles most thine hair ; when, wild with woe,
 In anguish Madness laughs, or, on his way,
 And at his work accurst, when Murder sings ?
 Hark ! the sweet art, to sooth the savage fram'd,
 On savage errand sent ! to indurate
 Humanity, misled to iron scenes,
 Who to unmartial softness else might melt ;
 Tune her to stone, and give her strength to stab !
 To send its blood back to Fear's bleaching cheek,
 Unwarm'd by virtue's into valour's heat,
 And to a wild and drunken daring drive her,
 By sound's mechanic spur ! to reconcile
 The death devoted victim to the knife !
 Cheering ambition's sacrifice to bleed,
 Uncheerful else ; with luring notes entic'd
 Recoiling to comply !—How have they join'd
 Most heterogeneous and unmixing things !
 Making according sounds accompany

Wild Discord's wildest scene ! where mad mankind,
That in the city 'gainst each other strike
In endless strife, with roughest jostle jar !

What mean these showy and these founding signs
Of general joy, my senses that salute ?
That bid my brow be smooth, and bosom bound,
And all my heart be holiday ?—What means
The cannon's roar that rends the shatter'd sky ?
The stunning peal the merry steeples pour ?
At dead of night, along the starry street,
This flaring luxury of festive light,
From every window flung ?—Wherefore thus laughs
The hour of gloom ?—Now that “ the midnight bell
Doth with his iron tongue and brazen mouth
Strike one,”——why walks abroad the undrowsy world ?
Night's ghosts, and goblins, groans and shadows dire,
All shone away, that e'en unshudd'ring walks
Bold Superstition forth ? why is “ proud *Night*,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Thus all so wanton and so full of gawds ?”
What fair event, to polish'd bosoms dear,
In polish'd life inspires this pomp of joy ?——
Say, hath the African fair freedom found ?
Spite of his shade at length confess'd a man,
Nor longer whipp'd because he is not white ?——

That

That were a jubilee for heav'n to join;
 To extort the gelid hermit from his cell;
 In flame his brook-fed blood, and force him bring
 His sober foot to swell the city rout,
 With virtuous riot reeling, and with joy
 Gloriously giddy!—But 'tis not for this,
 'Tis not for this, the midnight vies with noon.

Sing Io Pæan, Io Pæan sing!—
 Thousands of pulses, high with health that leap'd,
 Whose sprightly spring, to Time's oppression left,
 Or to Disease's weight, had play'd perhaps
 A length of years, by speedier fates laid still,
 Ne'er to go on again, or stir, have stopp'd.—
 On yon blest fun, all as a bridegroom gay,
 Whom to behold it is a pleasant thing
 For every eye; who gives the painted globe
 This pomp of colour and this beauteous bloom;
 A multitude (th' ecstatic tidings tell)
 A multitude of eyes, at which the heart
 Look'd laughing out upon the day, are clos'd.—
 On his delicious light (transporting thought!)
 They never more shall look!—Illume, illume
 The glowing street! nor let one window rob
 The general rapture of a ray it owes!
 Religion joins the joy:—of those fair works,

Which

Which He, whose wondrous wisdom all things made,
 Made in his image, or defacement foul,
 Or fatal rent (more lights, more lights emit !)
 A myriad has received.—This is th' event,
 The fair event to polish'd bosoms dear,
 In polish'd life that lights this pomp of joy.
 For this the cannon's thunder thumps the ear ;
 For this their merry peal the steeples pour ;
 For this dun Night her raven hue resigns,
 And, in this galaxy of tapers prank'd,
 Mimics meridian day !—hence the high joy
 That calls the city's swarms from out their cells,
 Laughs in each eye, and dances in each heart,
 Prolongs their vigils, and shakes off the dews
 That hovering Sleep from off her wings lets fall
 On their light lids, that will not let lie on 'em
 The poppy drops, the high excitement such !
 All to the feast, the feast of blood ! repair.
 The high; the low, old men and prattling babes,
 Young men and maidens, all to grace the feast,
 Light-footed trip,—the feast, the feast of blood !

But here comes one that seems to out-rejoice,
 All the rejoicing tribe ! wild is her eye,
 And frantic is her air, and fanciful
 Her fable suit, and round she rapid rolls
 Her beauteous eyes upon the spangled street,

And

And drinks with greedy gaze the sparkling scene.
 And, " See ! " she cries, " how they have grac'd the hour
 That gave him to his grave ! hail, lovely lamps !
 In honour of that hour, a grateful land
 Hath hung aloft !—and sure he well deserves
 The tributary splendour—for he fought
 Their battles well—Oh ! he was valour's self !
 Brave as a lion's was my Henry's heart !
 Fierce was the look with which he fac'd the foe ;
 But on his Harriet when my hero bent it,
 'Twas so benign !—and beautiful he was—
 And he was young—too young in years to die—
 'Twas but a little while his wing had thrown
 Its guardian shadow o'er me—but 'tis gone—
 Fall'n is my shield—Yet see now if I weep—
 A British warrior's widow should not weep—
 Her hero sleeps in honour's fragrant bed—
 So they all tell me—and I've nobly learn'd
 Their gallant lesson—all my tears are gone—
 Bright glory's beam has dried them every drop !
 No, no, I scorn to weep—high is mine heart !
 Hot are mine eyes ! there's no weak water there !
 'Tis true, I should have joy'd—what mother would not ?
 To have shown him that sweet babe, o'er which he wept
 When last he kiss'd it—yes he did—he wept !
 My warrior wept !—as the weak woman's tears

From

From off this cheek, where now I none can feel,
 He kiss'd away, he wet it with his own.—
 Oh ! yes it would—'twould have been sweet t' have shown him
 How his dear lovely boy had grown, since he
 Beheld it cradled, and t' have bid it call him
 By the sweet name that I had taught it utter
 In softest tones, while he was thunder hearing,
 And thunder hurling round him—for his hand
 Would not be idle amid deeds of glory—
 Yes—glory, glory, glory is the word—
 See ! how it glitters all along the street !"
 And then she laughs and wildly leaps along
 With tresses all untied.—Fair wretch ! adieu !
 In mercy Heav'n thy shatter'd peace repair !

Mankind, wild race ! have been your moons to blame,
 Thro' *all* your races that this rage hath run ?
 That this demoniac, worse than dog-star madness
 'Mong *all* your nations, in *each* age hath foam'd ?
 E'en elemental strife far greater love,
 Than ye have shown, of beauteous Peace displays !
 Proportion'd to the periods of their wrath,
 For more protracted intervals your seas
 Abstain from tempest ;—your less angry skies
 With greater length of season are serene ;
 In your wild forests the loud bestial rage

Suspends its roaring longer, than have paus'd
 Your death-denouncing trumpets; than your arms
 Have ceas'd their savage din; o'er the lull'd world
 Than ye have let the lovely olive hang
 Its comely leaf; and suffer'd Janus' fane,
 Jailor of War, the gnashing fiend to hold!
 Full soon th' impatient prisoner's brazen bonds
 From off the fretting fury ye have knock'd,
 And speedy mercy to his malice shown!
 Who that stands still, and fixes on the fact
 His thoughtful eye, and doth not feel his sense
 Swim round with wonder, and his soul lie hush'd
 In the dead stilness of astonishment?
 That this amazing maniac rage hath been,
 Not of some single race th' eccentric crime,
 For following ones to rise and wonder at,
 By some peculiar and uncommon cause
 To this wild start from Nature's orbit stung,
 Struck by some stranger star's erratic wrath
 With strange distraction;—no brief flighty fit;
 From men's accustom'd line a single leap;
 Transient distortion of their standing state;
 From their staid usage one wild shoot aside;
 By strong distemper's paroxysm inspir'd;
 Some all-infecting fever's fierce excess,
 When at its hottest and brain-burning height;—

But

But a *fix'd* phrenzy ;—of their dreadful way
 The steady tenour ; the deep scarlet shame
 On Reason's redden'd cheek, bidding burn on
 Thro' rolling ages, an establish'd blush !
 Protracted tragedy ! as long as deep !
 Whose unspent horror thro' all time hath spun
 The tale of blood ! O'er history's lengthening course
 The vein of persevering fury runs ;
 And he that reads its pages, rightly calls 'em
 Records of Carnage, Chronicles of Blood !

If to uncultivated life confin'd
 Had been the barb'rous custom, there alone
 Its horror had Humanity inspir'd
 With less amazement.—The wild Indian's war
 But little wonder raises ! He in man
 Sees not what man contains, his magazine
 Of latent mind, the folded faculties
 Whose furled leaves the wondrous gem inwraps !
 In man no more than muscle he discerns !
 Unpiercing to the chambers of his breast,
 He o'er his finewy surface rolls his eye,
 And, deeming all his strength in bulk and bone,
 In brutal force concludes his glory lies.
 Pent in the little circle of his tribe,
 With fierce intemperate rage his friendship flames !

Beyond that narrow prison of his love,
 That bounded burns intense, with equal heat
 His hatred burns ! Tempestuous passion bears
 His footsteps to the fight ; his going forth
 To scenes of blood is the wild gush of rage !
 Himself a dart, with inward fury wing'd,
 He shoots to battle, bolts into the field,
 And whom his hand destroys, his heart detests !
 Mild Reason groans to view their wild-fought field,
 Their bestial rage and revelry in death,
 Their blood-stain'd teeth and trample on the slain,
 In ecstasy of rage their roll in blood,
 And all the lawless phrenzy of their fight.
 Afflicted Wisdom weeps that forms erect,
 Which might be men, should be no more than brutes ;
 But, being what they are, she marvels not
 That furious thus each other they devour.
 The scene she gazes with a wild amaze,
 O'er which she shivers agued and aghast,
 Doubting her sense ! incredulous she lives !
 Is the cool carnage of the cultur'd world !
 In the cold cabinet all calm conceiv'd !
 And with cold skill, and blood that boils not, wreak'd !
 War's rul'd, methodic, mathematic fields,
 Where fate in geometric figures frowns,
 Curiously stern ! a low'ring diagram !

Where

Where sober warriors, in square array,
 With science kill, with ceremony flay,
 Thunder with apathy, and thin mankind
 With looks compos'd, in rows compact arrang'd !
 A tranquil tragedy ! where battle trick'd,
 Bedecks destruction, and makes ruin gay !
 In spruce parterre where tulip terrors stand,
 A scene of splendid horror ! while o'er all
 The field's dire slaughter "peaceful thought" presides !
 Wit, beauteous spirit ! wheels the cunning war,
 Instructs horrific Mars which way to rush,
 And shows the dev'lish engines where to belch
 Their fiery bolts !—This is the dreadful scene,
 Acted on lib'ral Europe's lucid stage ;
 Where man is known for what he is, for more
 Than meets the eye, a mine of inward wealth,
 That asks but to be dug and into day
 Drawn out, a splendid treasure to display
 Of golden joys, and sterling happiness !
 Where moral glories strike Conception's eye ;
 Where peaceful laurels court Ambition's hand ;
 Where Reason's, Virtue's victories, invite
 Th' aspiring breast ; and thousand varied joys
 Make life delightful and its calms endear !
 This is the scene, the gallop of the blood
 Whose horror stops, and bids the current creep !

This

This placid sweep of human life away,
 In human life where so much worth is seen!
 These chess-board battles, where unpassion'd men,
 Like things of wood, by them that thoughtful play,
 Are mov'd about, the puppets of the game!
 These sober whirlwinds of the polish'd world,
 That not from passion's tempest take their rage,
 Blown by cold Interest; by calm Art bestrid;
 On whose broad wings, director of their way,
 Afflicting image! form'd in other scenes!
 And fairer far to soar, ah much mis-spher'd!
 Bright GENIUS rides the Angel of the Storm.

Civiliz'd war!—How strangely pair'd appear
 These words in pensive Ruminat'ion's ear!
 Civiliz'd war!—Say, did the mouth of man,
 Fantastic marrier of words, before,
 Two so unmatch'd, so much each other's hate,
 With force tyrannic, ere together yoke?
 Civiliz'd war!—THANKS, gentle Europe! thanks,
 For having dress'd the hideous monster out,
 And hid his nature in so soft a name,
 That weak, hysterical Humanity
 Might hear with less of horror, he is loose.
 Hail monster clipt! shorn of his shaggy mane,
 His horrid front with flow'rs and ribbands prank'd,

Smooth, playful monster ! Mixing with the roar
 Of forest-rage the city's polish'd smile !
 That with a mild and christian calmness kills,
 That with more method tears his mangled prey,
 And, as the copious draught of blood he swills,
 Disclaims the thirst the while ! Thanks, thousand-fold,
 Ye gay adorners of the tragic scene !
 Thanks, in the name of all the friends of man,
 That ye have thus their shuddering appeas'd ;
 And, piteous of their tender texture, giv'n
 Their spirits, apt to startle, calm to flow,
 Forth from its scabbard when your wisdom calls
 The slumb'ring sword, and bids its sabath close !
 Thanks, in the name of all the tremulous tribe,
 Too sensitive, the grateful Muse accords you ;
 That ye have beautified the frowns of war
 And given his grimness graces, have found out
 Politer slaughter, and genteely learn'd
 To lay more elegantly waste the world,
 That ye have murder humaniz'd, discover'd
 Mischief's most handsome modes, and taught mankind
 With decent order to destroy each other !
 Of all, whose hearts your battles have bereav'd,
 The blessing comes upon you ! Robb'd by wars
 So gently wag'd, of them beneath whose shade
 Of shelt'ring power their shielded weakness sat,

With

With looks of peace and love, pale widows sing,
 In grateful songs, the tender spoilers sing!
 The fatherless their filial sorrows wipe,
 Forget their woes and join the just acclaim!
 E'en the lorn virgin, in the slain's long list,
 Whose eye fell fearful on her lover's name,
 O'er whose wan cheek, where beauty's roses grew,
 Grief spreads its green, prophetic of her grave,
 Some sickly smiles of gratitude shall wear,
 And hush some sighs, to swell the grateful song!
 All, all the mourners that ye make shall bless
 Your mildly, amiably murderous deeds!
 For much it sooths the sorrows of their soul,
 For much it balms the bruises of their breast,
 That they, in whom the battle's fury reach'd,
 Their rent affections, fell in polish'd fields;
 By softer hands, than whom the hatchet hacks
 In barb'rous battle; that a smoother death
 From finer points and glossier arms they took;
 And if they perish'd, perish'd by the sword,
 Heart-healing thought! of fair civility!

Opprest with indignation, be the Muse
 Forgiv'n, if she forget to sacred grief
 The rev'rence due, and to her serious theme;
 Seeking, in laughter, from her load of pain

Some

Some little ease ; for she hath long time lain
 Beneath the suffocating weight, as thus
 The civil actor in this savage scene,
 Europe's refin'd barbarian hath declaim'd.
 " How horrible the unrelenting rage
 And the coarse rudeness of unmanner'd Mars !
 How smooth a front our comelier battle wears !
 Lo ! in our milder field the lovely form
 Of Mercy sits by Valour's side, and oft
 Hangs on his hand and holds its fury down."——
 It is this mildness, to the moral eye
 So far from soft'ning the hard crime of war,
 That proves the sanguinary practice guilt,
 And stamps the carnage murder.—Say, what priest,
 Sent to prepare a dungeon'd wretch to die
 For having ta'en his brother's breath away,
 Would not infer, remorse had made him mad,
 To hear the villain seek his vice to wash
 With words like these ?—" Far fouler criminals
 The woods than me contain. The wolf is worse ;
 How furiously he lacerates the flock !
 With what a rage the panther rends his prey !
 Mark the fierce leopard tear his mangled meal !
 I with much mercy murder'd whom I slew !
 With one, but one, one well-directed wound
 I gave him end ; or with a drug disguis'd,

D

To

To drowsy death that woo'd his soul away,
 I lull'd, without or pain or fear, his sense
 In bland oblivion."——No ; ye shall not thus,
 Sons of Civility ! ye shall not thus
 Your darkness cloak ! This varnish of your vice
 Is evidence against you : your excuse
 Accuses you, and by your boast ye prove
 Your blame.—That, after blood ye do not pant,
 Shows horrible your guilt in shedding it,
 No moral turpitude the tiger's tooth,
 Though stain'd with homicide, contracts.—By man
 The maniac's blood is spar'd, the blood of man
 Whose rage hath shed. And the wild man of war,
 Whose dormant unexcited intellect
 Beholds in human nature but an arm,
 Of brute-ambition susceptible alone,
 Who wields his brainless brawn in cleaving skulls
 Vacant of mind as is his own, whose heart
 Hydropic burns for blood, and lion-like
 Who hungers for his foe, although his deeds
 Are dire, no moral indignation lights
 In gentle Wisdom's breast. The very rage
 And hard unmelting rigour of his field,
 His grappling battle, greediness of blood,
 His fiend-like yell, his hatchet and his club,
 His scalping wrath, carnivorous victory,
 That eats in ecstasy the hostile flesh,

That

That drinks hot blood, with boundless vengeance drunk,
 And all th' excesses of his frantic war,
 While horror they excite, extinguish blame:
 The more we shudder, we the more forgive.
 The frightful butchery of his battle tells,
 However hideous, it is honest havoc;
 That, thus to act, he thinks, is to be man.
 His barb'rous ethics know no moral worth
 Save military might. To his rude view
 Victory is virtue. Piously he tells
 His triumphs as his titles to the sky.
 His talents are his arrows and his axe,
 Sole means of earning heav'n. In chopping down
 Another foe, a fresh degree, he deems,
 His hand hath added to his bliss above.
 He heaps the slain, that he may hunt in heav'n
 With sport immortal; or for scaly game
 Search with divine success celestial streams.
 In slaughter placing thus his excellence,
 With wild, unfated rage he slays.—But, where
 Fair Mercy mixes in the fight, 'tis proof
 Reason is in the field; Reason, that reads
 The error of the scene, and just to judge
 Its impious acts, rebukes the busy sword.
 Though there her voice the din of battle drowns,
 And though the spells of Prejudice prevail

Her mouth to muffle, when the cannon's throat
 Its thunder ceases; yet her smother'd speech,
 Although with deaden'd sound, is heard by him
 Who bids the sword, by brave defence unbid,
 Forsake its rest. Oft, at the dead of night,
 When flatt'rer's lips are clos'd, but not the eyes
 Of him they call a god, she tells him, Man
 Was made to cherish, not to butcher man.
 The sordid senator, who sells his breath
 To wake the coals of war, she doth proclaim,
 Nor can his ear th' accus'd patrician seal,
 Accomplice in the murder of mankind.
 When in the peaceful camp, while battle breathes,
 Their shouting the recumbent captains cease,
 Oft to the *letter'd* leader of his band,
 As, ruminating, silent he reclines,
 She whispers audible—"What dost thou here?
 Is this a fair and honest scene around thee,
 That shrinks not from the beam of piercing Truth?
 Is this thy post of duty? Wert thou made
 To be the saviour or the foe of life?"
 Like tented Richard's, troubled is his thought;
 He starts—The ghost "fits heavy on his soul"
 Of stabb'd mankind—But he is in, and on,
 He says, he must—but says it with a sigh—
 Then with a bustling motion shakes off thought.

Return'd,

Return'd, at rest beneath the olive shade,
 While the soft pipes of Peace around him play,
 In pensive moments when the tabors pause,
 She re-appears, injurious to his rest,
 And shows his occupation as it is.
 But it is plum'd, and sparkles in his eye;
 The charm of rule attends it, and the lap
 Of careless, silken ease. Nor yet by all
 E'en of the common tribe, trepann'd to drive
 The deadly trade, is her mild voice unheard,
 In these late times and luminous.—And hence
 Some check the sanguinary strife receives
 From her : Temptation conquers, but not kills.

But doth not, say, the sense, which thus abates
 Of the dread scene the military rage,
 The moral horror heighten ?—Yes, 'tis you,
 Sons of Refinement, sons of Science, you !
 Not furious spurr'd by unenlighten'd love
 Of battle's red renown, supreme that sways
 The swallow'd soul, and drives to deeds of death
 With uncorrected impulse, self-approv'd ;
 But, urg'd by fordid aims, who calm consent
 That blood to shed, which in your secret fight
 Is sacred ; to pollute your tempted hand
 With what ye know is spot ; to do that deed,

Whose

Whose Ethiopian shade the gauze disguise,
 Truth-covering Sophistry's white, flimsy web,
 That o'er it falls to make it pass for fair,
 With its thin threads, a scanty veil, but ill
 From your keen eye conceals ;—'tis you alone,
 Sons of Refinement, sons of Science, you !
 Convicted stand of murder's cruel crime.
 And all the mild humanities that mix
 With the rough horror of the hostile scene ;
 During each pause of intermittent Mars,
 The courteous intercourse betwixt your chiefs,
 Fair, interlusive civilities,
 That deck and soften war's stern rigid state ;
 But serve its iron ugliness to point.
 Each streak of beauteous white that breaks its dark
 Shows but in blacker night its ebon shade.

Oh ! I could speculate, with calmer eye,
 A monstrous cloud of fierce, conflicting fiends,
 Met in mid air, with malice hot from hell,
 Keen pains propense and powerful to inflict,
 Furnish'd all o'er with cruel faculties,
 And throbbing thro' each vein with quenchless hate,
 Infernal fray ! where all were uproar wild,
 All unrelenting spite and writhing wounds ;
 madd'ning war of venom, stings and teeth ;

Into whose dragon broil, and high-wrought rage,
 (Prodigious discord !) all her out-sent soul
 Alec to breath'd ! oh, better far my fight
 Could such complete, consistent scene sustain,
 Than this strange mixture of our motley strife.
 Urbanity, and battle ! manners bland,
 And murders bloody ! thorns that deeply pierce,
 And beautifully flower ! soft courtly camps,
 That kill, and smile, and smile, and kill again !

Can it (soul-freezing spectacle !) be he,
 E'en as a friendly neighbour that but now
 Sent to their guardian's board a courteous gift,
 Who hurls hot bolts at yon high-seated walls ;
 And, like a black enchanter, all malign,
 In mischief mighty, with loud-bellowing rage
 Spouting his fiery arches in the air,
 Effays to bore and batter into dust
 The massive bulwarks ?—Are they shadows, say,
 Or what they seem, that sit consorting there ?
 Unnatural fellowship ! While the roar of arms
 Suspends its bray, and the tir'd furies breathe,
 Lo ! adverse chiefs, that with a frowning front
 Meet in the battle, at the banquet met
 With social eyes ! the sparkling draught goes round,
 As friends, long lov'd, long left, again embrac'd,

And

And pour'd the purple spirit in their cup,
 To animate their mantling amity !
 See a smooth captain, with soft, civil smile,
 Some dainty of the table tenders him,
 At whom to-morrow he must thunder throw !
 And bids that blood with gladder current glow,
 By gen'rous juices cheer'd, which 'tis his task
 Shortly to seek to shed ! like a foul host,
 That hospitably entertains the guest
 He dooms to midnight death. While as they rest,
 With their gay leaders, from their bloody toils,
 Camp'd in each others view, the hostile hosts
 Jovially hail whom they are come to harm ;
 Make merry interchange of sportive becks,
 And wanton nods, and smiles, and frolic song,
 And frisky dance ; like harmless villagers
 In innocent assembly on the green,
 All gamesome on a rustic holiday.

Civiliz'd war ! in every varied view,
 Ill suits thee, fiend accurs'd ! so fair a name.
 Though in the field a smoother form thou wear
 Than thy wild sister hag of craggier shape,
 A feller fury thou ! for on thee wait
 Severer sufferings, and a wider scene
 With varied woes thy vaster mischief fills.
 Ah, 'tis in cultur'd life, and chiefly there,

War

War is the scourge we call it; there alone
 In thickest show'r of heaviest lashes felt,
 It deeply lacerates and long furrows makes
 On, bleeding Happiness ! thy mangled frame.
 What if the field of savage slaughter show
 With blood a more obliterated green,
 A redder plain and direr forms of death ?
 Its rage the savage soldier feels, nor fears :
 Nurs'd in no filken lap, his lion-nerves,
 Strings strong as steel, stiff and untrembling, know
 To laugh at torment and to sing in death.
 War is his sport ; in ecstasy of soul
 He whoops and hails the hour that bids him face
 Its frowning front, its horrid dangers dare,
 And hack in pieces whom his heart abhors.
 Not such the sportive springy leap to arms
 Of the cold hireling Europe's clarions call :
 Forth to the field, unused to suffer pain,
 And long time lapp'd in soft and drowsy ease,
 Fearful and loth he moves : the arms of peace
 He leaves reluctant, and reluctant lifts
 The hostile spear : nor by hot malice spurr'd
 'Gainst whom he's sent to slay, nor flaming love
 Of whom he goes to serve, with sluggish step,
 Heavy and homeward hanging, he obeys
 His crested master's bidding to depart.

E

The

The field he enters chill; again obeys
 His crested master's bidding to destroy.
 The coward kills, himself with terror dead;
 A trembling hero; made by dread to dare.
 Afraid to fight, yet more afraid to fly,
 The prisoner of his post all pale he stands;
 Now still, save in his trembling joints; now moves
 A meek machine obedient to command;
 Until at length mechanic confidence
 From frequent misses of the levell'd lead
 Gradual he draws; and from the tumult round him
 Catches a wildness, that all thought at once
 And terror swallows in its giddy whirl.
 Confusion cures his fear; brave he becomes
 When noise hath made him mad; and laurels then,
 But not before, Disorder's hero reaps.
 Till then (whate'er the gay-cloath'd coward prate,
 Whose crest tremendous scares the sons of Peace)
 In him who fights for pay, not love of fight,
 Nor of the cause which his fold sword sustains,
 Contemplative Compassion views a wretch,
 When first he enters the dread, fateful field,
 A cold, recoiling wretch, that pale regrets
 He ere forsook the safe domestic scene.
 In fancy slain by every slaught'rous sound,
 Lifeless he hears the loud dislodged deaths,
 And 'mid the thunder dies a thousand times.

Ah

Ah cruel lusts ! wherever ye have lain,
 Lodg'd in whatever bosoms, founts of wars,
 That myriads thus have mercilessly sent
 From life's smooth walks and humanized scenes
 To freeze with horror amid forms they hate ;
 To wear white faces in the field of death,
 Without a cause to kindle scorn of life ;
 Dire ills to work, where ill to none they wish ;
 Hurt whom they hate not, whom they know not crush,
 And act the fiend by fury uninspir'd.

And, as nor pain nor terror in his field
 The savage warrior knows, but death's dread stroke
 Fearlessly dares and furiously deals,
 So nor from Nature's frowns, wherever roams
 His rambling war, by hardening Nature nurs'd,
 His horny frame unstringing sickness dreads.
 Far other fates th' unprosperous path pursue
 Of art-fenc'd Health, when far from genial walls
 The tender wanderer strays, and generous food,
 Sickness, slow, silent enemy, assails
 Her pining victim ; cheerlessly consum'd ;
 And envying whom the sword's keen fury cuts,
 That ardent die 'mid action's madd'ning heat,
 That sudden drop and bid their pains adieu !
 A mournful, sad, depressing death is theirs ;

Nor animating tumult round them roars,
 Nor reputation's bubble floats before
 Their cheated eyes, nor fond domestic hands
 Dispose their pillow and sustain their head.
 From comfort quite cut off, outcast they lie
 From civil life's accommodated couch,
 From military glory's fancied bed,
 And left to lose the light at once without
 A soldier's solace, and a man's support.

Nor to the field is the dire rage confin'd
 Of our soft-nam'd contentions, where alone
 The wars that issue from the woods are felt.
 Those whom these leave behind at home, they leave
 In undiminish'd plenty there to dwell.
 The sons of Nature Nature still supplies :
 The war nor drains their waters nor their woods,
 Thins nor their hunted meal nor finny food.
 But complicated traffic's trembling web
 Shakes, at the trumpet's call, through all its lines :
 Nor the domestic scene, where trade prevails,
 Escapes concussion 'mid the war-shook world.
 'Tis agitation all ! the quaking spreads
 O'er every part ! nor finds affrighted peace
 One firm unrocking spot on which to rest,
 Amid the tremor of the shiv'ring scene.

The

The city feels the strife that's in the field.
 To the connected, sympathizing scene
 The battle's blows their dire vibrations send.
 In other ruins rages there the war ;
 There falling fortunes answer falling lives,
 And broken hearts to broken limbs reply :
 Crash after crash resounds ; fall follows fall ;
 And groan succeeds to groan ; heav'd from the breast
 Of tumbling traffickers, from splendour hurl'd
 To beggary's dark abyfs ; the wringing hands
 Of ruin'd houses into Pity's eyes
 The tears continual call, that, scarcely wip'd,
 Gush out again, and yet again are fill'd,
 Replenish'd by the wretches as they rise
 In long fucceffion to her aching fight :
 While, frequent, burfts upon the startled ear
 The loud explosion from the tube of death,
 'Mid the domestic stillnefs thunder ftrange !
 Heart-quailing noife ! raifing prefages dire
 In each mifgiving hearer ! follow'd fswift
 By frantic Friendfhip's rufh into the room,
 Pale Horror's piercing fcream, or fpeechlefs trance !
 Nor lefs fuperior agonies attend
 The focial feelings, where they finer throb
 In cultur'd bofoms, when the fevering fword
 Cuts from their clafp the life to which they clung.

Full soon the wounds of coarser spirits close :
 One hideous howl the savage mourner sends
 For his slain friends ; one shrill and short-liv'd shriek
 From female woe, contents the tenderness
 Of woman's fonder love : then Grief farewell !
 Then all is joy, for victory is theirs ;
 Hush'd is each groan ; and every tear is dried ;
 And rapturous rout and revelry prevails.
 Ah ! not so soon the eyes, which battle dims
 On other shores, the tender dews dismiss.
 There tremble long th' untransitory tears :
 The stabb'd Affections there bleed copious on
 In countless breasts, war's widest, deepest wounds !
 When the stain'd sword, that drank the precious blood,
 Or from their own, or the same fount that flow'd,
 Or as their own was dear, hath long been wip'd
 And to its sheath return'd—there, memory-bound,
 Sits pale affliction in full many a face,
 Month after month and year succeeding year,
 The sad survivor of its sable signs :
 When long cast off the inky cloak hath lain,
 The undernoted sorrow still remains.

Since such the foul offence, th enormous crime,
 Gigantic guilt of war, exhausting all
 Man's powers of ill, that leaves him nothing more

Of monstrous to be done,—whence is it, say,
 Whence is it, when the martial bands go forth,
 Not to beat back, with righteous brav'ry nerv'd,
 The lawless breaker into peaceful lands,
 But distant men with tragic frown to front,
 And blood that rolls in veins remote to spill;
 Whence is it, as they pass, the public eye
 Complacent on the long procession looks?
 Where is the horror of the gazing throng
 That stuff the street, or, to the windows drumm'd,
 Thick cluster there, whose theatre of looks
 With placid smile the spectacle approve?
 Why is it, that on all the faces round
 No frowns are seen? no pale abhorrence spreads?
 No discomposure stirs? Whence comes the peace
 On each calm countenance so sound that sleeps?
 Lo! not a brow is knit! nor quits its rest
 One quiet feature! nor one single eye
 Shoots angry light, or wounded shrinks away,
 At such a monstrous scene! a concourse vast
 Of homicides, thick thronging on the fight!
 Whose train protracted satiates, as they pass,
 E'en eyes, on shows that glistening long can gaze;
 Each going forth to do that deed accurs'd,
 Whose solitary act, in Fancy's ear,
 Excites the raven's scream; while the dread spot,

Where

Where violated life's hoarse groans were heav'd,
Shows frightful shapes to Superstition's eye ;
And the dire tale, on winter's witching eve,
In narrower ring the chalk-cheek'd circle knits,
Close creeping to the warm protecting hearth.

Where is that thing, whose dark deformity
Dress cannot cover from untutor'd man ?
Thoughtless he looks on all surrounding things,
The science of their surface all his lore.
Doth Error meet him cloth'd in eloquence ?
He hugs the painted hag, and beauteous Truth
Believes his arms embrace. Doth Misery rob'd
In purple pomp appear ? He knows her not,
With envious eye surveys, and deems there stands
Felicity before him. Laughs aloud
Light vacant Joy ? There, dreams he, dwells Content.
On higher station stands a human form ?
His credulous eyes a higher stature own.
Or doth foul Guilt in fair array appear,
Grac'd with the splendour or of wit or rank ?
He looks and loves and calls her Innocence ;
E'en Virtue calls her. But 'tis here, 'tis here,
All potent dress ! in all its magic pow'r,
Thy witch'ry on his cheated eye is shown.
Lo ! what a wondrous width of interval,

In estimation's scale, he thoughtless throws
 Between the self-same deed, when unadorn'd,
 Undrest it stands, and shows its naked shape,
 And when thy drap'ry, Decoration ! flings
 Its graceful folds and lovely dies around it !

Stript of its trappings, 'tis a deed so dire,
 On the first motion of the mind that way,
 The wretch whom strong temptation draws towards it,
 Shrinks from his thought ; tries from himself to run ;
 And is afraid to trust him with himself.
 With violent force he calls his thoughts from off
 So foul a thing, and tries to chain 'em down.
 Again and yet again the magnet prize,
 Whose strong attraction tugs against the terms
 As strongly that repel him, spite of all
 His strife to struggle from it, to his mind
 Recurs ; renews its hold ; repeats its pulls :
 Again and yet again his look returns
 To the black work by which it must be won,
 Ere his recoiling Reason, less and less
 That backward starts, as oftener up it goes
 And eyes its fear, with slow consent complies.
 A deed so dark, that he who has a heart
 To wish it done, and wealth a hand to buy,
 Culls from the crowd, with penetrating choice,

F

A face

A face of stone ; whose muscles never move
 Into a smile ; whose heavy, brooding brow,
 Habitual overhung, his eye's dark den,
 Blackens beneath its shade their surly low'r.
 A deed, which he who to another moves,
 Knows not to name ; * he has a thing to say,
 Which, while he can be seen, he cannot say,
 Full in his face while looks the staring sun ;
 Which he must say surrounded by the night ;
 Which he would say without the use of sound,
 Silent infuse into his fellow's breast
 By inspiration's spiritual speech ;
 Which with half utterance he hesitates,
 With an unfinish'd voice, unfill'd with breath,
 Faint timid tones that fear to leave the lip,
 Sounds so like silence, that the hearer doubts
 If heard or not ; with sentences, concise,
 Close clipt and spare, a frugal niggard speech ;
 All prating superfluities left out,
 And issued none but necessary sounds ;
 Speech bare of words, all hint and skeleton,
 In expletives, that plump sleek language out
 Meet for the mouth of Pleasure, all uncloath'd,
 Suited cadav'rous to the ghastly theme !
 A deed, in which the hardier villain's mouth,
 That would th' accomplice keep, his words have won,

* Shakespear : King John.

In his oft-back-retreating heart must oft
 His rallying spirit pour. It is a deed,
 Which when determin'd by a tempted wretch,
 All his dire fund of fortitude in ill
 He must call forth to do, and wind his heart
 As high as it will stretch. His choice of time
 He fixes on the hour when all the world
 Is dead; when with the colour of his act
 Darkness accords; and every eye is clos'd.
 * Between his purpose and his dreadful stroke
 Wild is the space within him: † to the scene
 Of his dark act, with a light-falling foot,
 Ghost-like he glides; and fancifully fears
 Left strange and wondrous voices wake the world
 And babble of his business. When the blow
 His heav'n-forfok and hell-driv'n hand hath struck,
 He is "afraid to think on what he has done;"
 That 'twere undone, is his devoutest wish.
 Of heaven and earth he feels himself accurst.
 With wildest superstition seiz'd, he dreads
 That preternat'ral Providence will point
 Its finger at his guilt. Whate'er his gain,
 He finds that Peace and he have parted, ne'er
 To meet again. 'Tis ill for ever with him.
 An horrid spectre is before his eyes.

* Julius Cæsar.

† Macbeth.

The grave sends back again his ghastly gift ;
 The shadowy resurrection's grim reproach
 Shakes all the trembling pillars of his soul.
 He starts, when nothing stirr'd ;—" Who speaks ?"—he asks,
 When no one spoke ; and mutters things unheard
 With nimble-moving lips that send no sound.
 Disturb'd e'en in the stillest room he lies ;
 Kept by no noise awake, no sleep he finds,
 Or no oblivion finds it. Glad t' escape
 From scaring visions, soon in sweats he wakes.
 To cheer his midnight hour he must have light
 Continual at his couch ; the live-long day,
 As clings a drowning wretch to him he holds,
 (Dreading, as doth that drowning wretch the wave,
 Soul-sinking solitude) he closely cleaves
 To some companion's side ; hunted he seeks
 From the keen terrors that his soul pursue
 Protection in his presence ; when there's near
 Nought hostile to him save himself, he fears ;
 Flees unpursued ; and unsuspected, reads
 In every eye discernment of his deed.
 His life an heavy load upon him lies
 He can no longer bear ; all wan and worn,
 The conscience-wither'd wretch a witness comes
 Against himself ; and gloomy refuge seeks,
 In the dire executioner, from one

More

More dire within ; before his country's bar
 When pale he stands, a crowd of curious eyes
 The hall of justice choak, with hungry gaze
 And gloomy eagerness to mark the case
 Of such a monstrous mind ! each line to trace,
 Where Penetration seeks to track the tread
 Of aspect-printing soul ; and every look
 And motion, with unwearied watchfulness,
 Of the prodigious culprit to devour !

Yet this same deed, which e'en though singly done,
 If naked seen, such shuddering horror moves,
 When e'en on gasping myriads at a time
 It is committed, yet when it is done
 With all its tinsel on it, with its pomp
 And robe about it, by a numerous troop
 Whom ermin'd Mightiness commands and keeps ;
 Whose corporal forms the critic eye approves,
 Select in stature, of proportions fair ;
 Whose trim attire, with nice adjustment neat,
 Is pure from foil, and bright with showy dies ;
 Who to black scenes of lurid horror go,
 In holiday and laughing colours clad,
 Gay rainbow ruffians ; on their guilty way,
 That wear no hanging head, nor downcast eye,
 But with a swelling chest and stately port

That

That strut to blood ; amid the gaping throng,
 Through whose long lines of dazzled looks they march,
 With plummy pinnacles pre-eminent,
 Tall above men ; whose weapons luminous
 Hold mirrors to the sun, return his rays,
 And give the light their radiant face receives,
 Doubling the day ; all regularly rank'd
 In system fair and symmetry of posts,
 Amusive to the eye ; with measur'd steps
 Harmonious moving, timing every tread
 In symphony of feet ; or elevate,
 Mounted on manag'd and on mettled steeds
 Whose haughty arch of neck bears high their heads,
 And hot, dilated nostrils shoot out smoke,
 Panting with gen'rous fires, that snort and neigh,
 And restless paw and champ the foamy bit,
 And prance impatient of procession's pace ;
 While beauteous banners o'er the passing pomp
 Unroll their silken sheets, that in rich streaks
 Strive with the morning, and, in easy stream
 And playful freedom, flutt'ring loose in air,
 Flirt with the gamefome gale ; and sprightly sounds
 Of rousing music join the gorgeous show,
 The thundering threat of drums, and the keen tones
 Of the sharp fife, and high inciting sounds
 Of trumpets that persuade the thrilling ear,

'Tis

" 'Tis honour calls to arms, and the big call
 'Tis heroes that obey : "—thus proudly cloath'd
 In luxury of dress, with such a sweep
 And swell of regal gown, all over cloak'd
 In every part with amplitude of pall,
 Voluminous disguise ! this ugly act,
 Foul hag of night, mishapen, monstrous thing,
 Abhorr'd and loathsome to the sense of right,
 As to the fight the ribs of bony Death,
 Or hideous Scylla's womb of howling hounds,
 Fails to disgust ; the amiable vice,
 Hid in magnificence and drown'd in state,
 Loses the fiend ; receives the sounding name
 Of Glorious War ; and through th' admiring throng
 Uncurs'd the ornamented murderers move.

Law ! feeble regent in young Reason's room,
 Too young as yet to reign, how short a wing
 O'er human weal doth thy protection spread !
 From rapine and from wrong contracted screen !
 A speck of shield, o'er the vast social frame
 That throws a spot of shade, and leaves the bulk
 Uncover'd to the battle ! puny arm !
 Whose fairy rod, for tiny Mischief made,
 E'en him deters not, in his petty sphere,
 With stealing step to move ; while with loud strides

Giant

Giant Injustice walks uncheck'd abroad,
 And braves both earth and skies, and strikes such blows
 With his unwieldy, pond'rous, pounding mace,
 As to the centre shake the trembling orb!
 Whose limbs enormous no huge magistrate
 With mighty grasp arrests, with massy chain,
 Of link prodigious, manacle immense!
 Hath pow'r to bind.—If but some few life-drops
 Blush on the ground, for him, whose impious hand
 The scanty purple sprinkled, a keen search
 Commences straight; but, if a sea be spilt,
 But if a deluge spread its spacious stain,
 And fields be flooded from the veins of man,
 O'er the red plain no solemn coroner
 His inquisition holds.—If but one corse,
 With murder's mark upon it, meet the eye
 Of pale Discovery in the lonely path,
 Justice begins the chase: when high are heap'd
 Mountains of slain, the great, the full-grown guilt,
 Safe in its size, too large for laws to lash,
 Trembles before no bar.—Panting and pale,
 A single culprit, hark! the hounds of Law
 Hunt in full cry: but where's the custody,
 On culpable communities can shoot
 The bulky bolt? for culprit empires where
 The huge colossal constable, to whom

Such criminals will crouch ? Where stands the court,
 Of ample area, like the arch of heaven,
 Within whose walls wide-swell^{ing}, plaintiff states
 Offending states may sue, and nations wait
 Their sentence, meek submitted to the mouth
 Of so sublime a bench ? Till this can be,
 How poor the boast of Law ! She wants an eye
 More keen, to catch whom, caught, her arm can scourge ;
 And in her hand there needs a Michael-sword
 Of vaster size her bigger foes to fell,
 Smite Mountain-mischief, Evil's mightier fiend,
 Satanic in his stature and his strength.

From lawless force, look round the world and see,
 Defence how feeble legal force affords !
 Assault and self-reliance for relief
 Compose the scene of man. 'Tis warfare all !
 Still reign the woods, and still the world is wild !
 Each hour of life, or wrongs arriv'd require
 Repulsion bold, or wrongs expected call
 For constant caution. Fear her forts erects
 O'er all the public, all the private, world.
 Which way we look, fortifications talk
 Of man in danger from his fellow-man ;
 Of man 'gainst man for ever on his guard.
 Lo ! o'er each door, each window, of each house

The traverse bar ! Lo ! every cautious land,
 By ocean unencircled, cinctur'd stands
 With art's munition ! each suspicious night,
 Behold its bolted towns ! their gate's thick guard !
 The stony strength that folds them in survey !
 The mural girdle's iterated round !
 Wall within wall ! protection intricate !
 While water adds its flowing fence, t' afford
 Fulness of safety, and shut out the foe :
 The wildest, fellest foe of feeble man !
 The lion eminent ! the wolf supreme !
 Whose mighty prowl around the human folds
 Requires an iron pen, a massy coop
 To keep him out ; and whose incurfivè craft
 For cunning, complicate exclusion calls.

And is this civil life, where civil lands
 So scant a sum of savage violence
 Can whip within them, while without them, all
 Towards each other the barbarian play ?
 Where Fraud her fightings adds to those of Force,
 And wars the city and the field possess ?
 Oh ! when that voice, which dead confusion heard,
 Shall human chaos hear ? Oh ! when shall cease,
 Obedient to its call, this noise confus'd
 Of various battle ? this continuous din,
 In war, of clashing steel ; in peace, miscall'd,

Than

Than a sweet name no more, of clashing aims ?
 Of selfish interests in eternal tilt
 Contending ? this extended tournament,
 (Making all human life its boundless list,
 And through all time prolong'd) of private views
 To private views oppos'd ; irregular
 Against each other rushing ; keeping up,
 From age to age, one everlasting cloud
 And clatter of encounter ; to the friend
 Of human kind presenting, as he sits
 From the hot combat pensively apart,
 A picture all confus'd of counter paths,
 Each other crossing with collision loud !
 A wildly shifting, ever-waving scene !
 A sea of sinking and ascending heads,
 Where all is undulation, rise and fall !
 This, mounted high with plume and spear, that down,
 Unhors'd amid the trampling, bruis'd and broke,
 Biting with bankrupt-agony the ground ;
 While shouts and groans, in air tumultuous mix'd,
 With harsh discordant noise distract the ear.

How long shall it be thus ?—Say, Reason, say,
 When shall thy long minority expire ?
 When shall thy dilatory kingdom come ?
 Haste, royal infant, to thy manhood spring !

Almighty, when mature, to rule mankind.
Weak are the outward checks, thy bridle's place
Within the secret bosom, that supply.
Thine is the majesty ; the victory thine,
For thee reserv'd, o'er all the wrongs of life.
The pigmy violence the private scene
That vexes, and that hides his head minute
From human justice, it is thine to end ;
And thine, the tall and Titan-crimes that lift
Their heads to heaven and laugh at laws : to thee
All might belongs : haste, reach thy ripen'd years !
Mount thine immortal throne, and sway the world !

F I N I S